

The World.

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WHY NOT DO IT NOW?

SWEARING there is no such thing as a money trust or monopoly, the bankers that have testified before the Pujo Committee have none the less conceded the existence of an association of financiers so powerful that no large loan can be floated in Wall Street without their consent. Disclosures made in this city in connection with the proposed sale of subway bonds confirm the tale. We are then face to face with a situation whose dominant factors are so plain no intelligent man has a right to say he does not understand them.

That a combination of money kings should be able to prevent the construction and operation of competing railways or steel plants or coal companies, is bad enough. But when a city is held up in the work of constructing a public utility of first class magnitude and need, the evil becomes intolerable. Even the most unreflecting of optimists must admit that such a wrong is not going to cure itself. Built up through public apathy, it can be ended only by public energy.

The solution of the immediate problem is not at all difficult. A loan of \$170,000,000 is large, but not larger than New York can manage. In Paris such a loan would be offered in bonds of small denomination and subscribed twice over before sundown. Sooner or later New York must face these issues. Why not do it now?

HOW NATIONAL HEROES ARE MADE.

ADVOCATING the construction of a stately memorial to Lincoln in Washington, Mr. Joseph Cannon said that of all the great characters in the first century of our history there will be in the mouths of children a hundred years from now only Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Lee and Jefferson Davis. Had he added to the list the names of Jefferson and of Franklin it is probable no dispute could be made over it.

The remark is interesting not so much for the names included in the list of immortals as for those excluded. Humanity has a way of making history heroic by clothing one man with the qualities of a demigod and attributing to him alone the mighty work achieved by the labors and the valor of a thousand. Thus in popular imagination as in popular phrase it was Alexander alone who conquered Persia, Caesar that overthrew Republican Rome, Charlemagne that began the restoration of order in the Middle Ages, Cromwell that secured English liberty, Washington that won American independence. And, although it was hardly fifty years ago and thousands now living saw with their own eyes how the war between North and South was made out of the fervor of millions, still the legend has already grown that Lincoln alone freed the slaves and kept the Union whole. That is why it was said long ago and accepted as true: "History is a lie agreed upon." Mr. Cannon was right.

WHAT WAS FOUND OUT IN LONDON.

THE London Musical Record, in reviewing the opera season of the past year, says: "Mr. Hammerstein found that with lower prices and opera in English his audiences grew bigger. Had he persevered on those lines he might have achieved success."

There is a hint here for some enterprising impresario or manager in New York. More of prejudice than of reason rules in the accepted belief that grand opera can exist only through the patronage of royalty or of plutocracy; that only the courtly can appreciate it and only the rich will afford it. A like belief prevailed at one time with respect to the drama. Shakespeare and Moliere and Schiller had to seek patrons in England, France and Germany. Long ago, however, theatre managers broke away from such subservience and appealed to the people. The results have been uplifting for the drama, for the public and for the private fortunes of the managers. A like good success may attend the man that will give New York grand opera in English at reasonable prices. The thing is quite feasible.

AS PROPOSED BY THE UNITED STATES.

THE United Farmers of Alberta, in a convention of six hundred, representing fourteen thousand members, adopted resolutions pledging support to "the movement toward international peace and disarmament and the settlement of international difficulties by arbitration such as is proposed in the United States."

Farmers are not satirists. Alberta is not noted for sarcasm. The land of that brave province is at yet mostly untamed by the plow. The adventurous men and women that are pioneering its earliest enterprises may use the mechanisms of art and sow the seed of scientific agriculture, but they are not sophisticated in the ways of diplomatic scoffing at a neighbor. So when they said they are in favor of international arbitration as proposed in the United States it is not likely they meant the kind of thing Congress is trying to do with regard to the Panama Canal and the treaty under which it has been constructed.

International arbitration "as proposed by the United States" ought to be equivalent to an ideal of the highest national faith and fairness. No foreign power can ever make it a phrase of mockery and derision. But Congress can.

Letters From the People

Painless Shaving.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Having read "Shaving Victim's" cry of anguish, I will try to alleviate his suffering through the following suggestions:

First, wash face in hot water and soap. Dry face on towel. Lather face while hot. Shave razor with dragging motion, i. e., the handle preceding the blade. Press hard upon razor, not lightly. Shave with blade nearly flat against face and with the diagonal stroke. When finished, stop razor as before, being sure to finish on smooth side of stop, on the under side of which you should put a few drops of sweet oil occasionally. Do not wipe edge of blade when

putting razor in case, thus keeping the edge from rusting, which is half the trouble. These rules have saved me many hours of torture.

W.

Thursday.

"Oh, National Indignity!"

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I advocate Presidential pensioning. Or else we may always expect to see such signs as these: "T. Roosevelt, Contributing Editor," and "Taft & Sons, Lawyers."

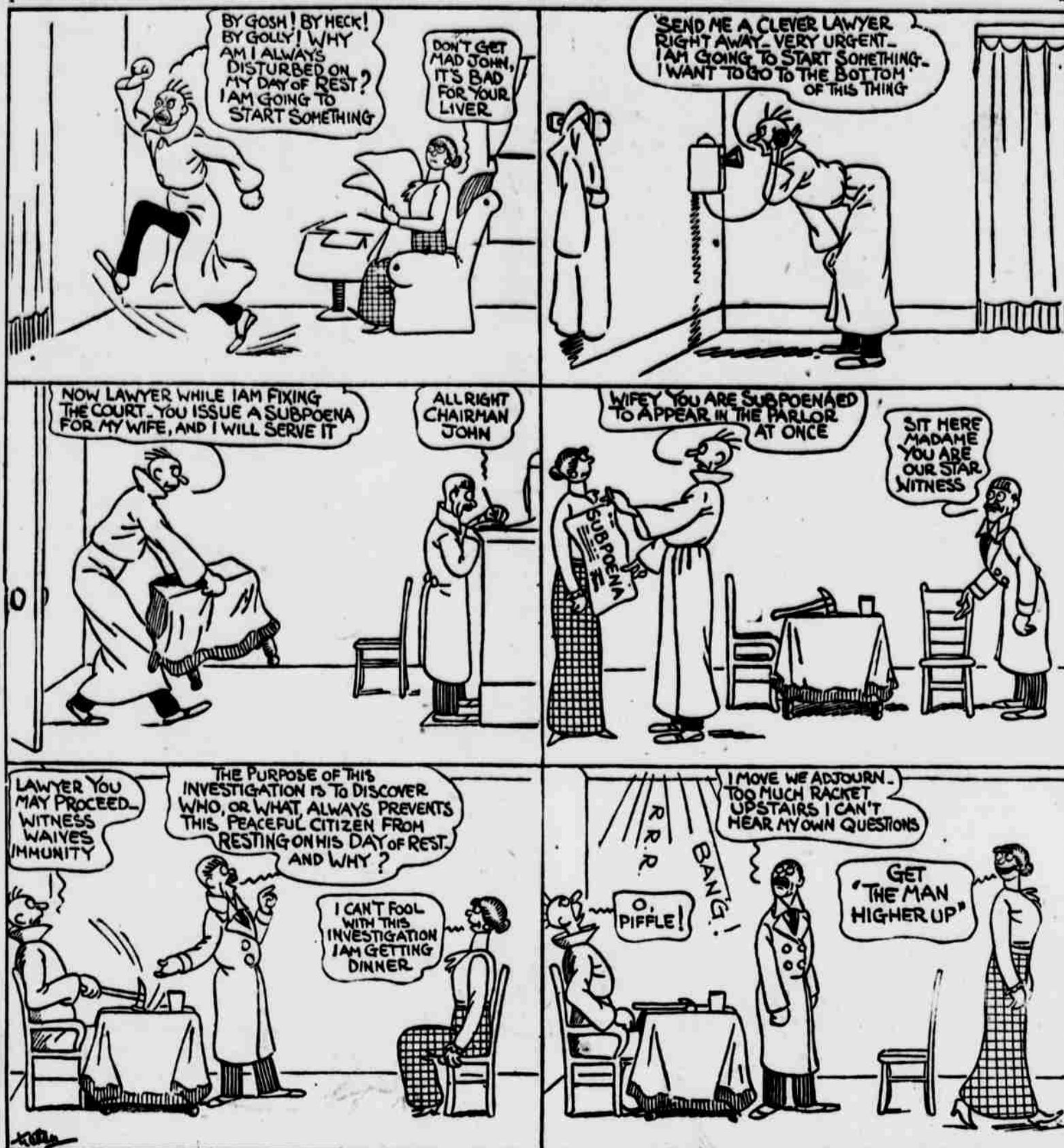
Oh, national indignity to allow ex-Presidents to become workaday persons! Why not pension them and let them enjoy "dolce far niente" for the rest of their days?

FOO SEE, Chinese Student.

The Day of Rest

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By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family



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Mr. Jarr had taken Mr. Jarr out to luncheon. Mr. Jarr had asked for a raise of salary. Mr. Jarr's employer was one of those cautious spendthrifts in business who will take a man out and spend fifty dollars on a dinner for him while explaining why they can't give him a five-dollar raise on account of the hard times.

Mr. Jarr's employer knew Mr. Jarr wanted a raise of salary; he knew Mr. Jarr needed a raise of salary; he was aware of the fact that Mr. Jarr's stipend had stayed at a fixed point for ten years at the same sum, while the cost of living had almost doubled.

Mr. Jarr's boss had felt the increased cost of living (with an expensive young wife) also. He had been forced to raise the price of the goods he handled at wholesale in consequence. He knew Mr. Jarr ought to have the raise of salary; but he couldn't get his hand open—the boss couldn't.

Consequently, every time Mr. Jarr broached the subject the boss took him out to dinner and, over the highest priced food and costliest wine, told Mr. Jarr with choking voice how he "just kept his head above water and the business going" by manifold financial misadventures.

Before Mr. Jarr could get to the point of telling his boss how he simply had

Mr. Jarr Gets Inside Facts On How the 'Other Half' Eat

As to the Minimum "Marriage Income"

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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R. Angenette Parry, in a talk on "The Education of Girls as Future Wives and Mothers," stated that a \$10,000 income is one of the low estimates of the average girl of today looks forward to in the matter of marriage; having gained this information from a group of school girls. In defense of the early marriage she says:

"It seems to me unnatural to put off marriage because the young man isn't making a large amount of money. It should be a joy for the bride to share the period of struggle and endeavor. Nothing else so closely draws together husband and wife, and their future success will be all the sweeter if each has shared in the making of it."

It is all very beautiful philosophy to talk about it being a "joy" to share the "period of struggle and endeavor." In real life there is no joy in ANY struggle. To look a fact in the face, in many, many instances when poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window. There are hundreds of brave souls who, for a loved one, will BEAR hardships and trials with fortitude until a better time comes. But it is not the case with the AVERAGE. And with many the struggling period ends in the divorce courts. In these cases we must admit that unsatisfied wants create dissatisfied wives.

In years gone by, when this "period of struggle and endeavor" was a natural need felt by every young couple, since the fields of fruitfulness had to be cultivated, it was a DIFFERENT matter. Practically everybody had to go through the SAME process in the prospect of marriage; understood it in advance, and was WILLING to start that way.

But we are living in the twentieth century when the country has become rich. The fields of fruitfulness yield

so much so that after listening to his boss's financial worries that, as he took Mr. Jarr home in his limousine, it used nearly to break the boss's heart to see Mr. Jarr so blue about it.

Mr. Jarr had been keeping up a strenuous fight for his salary raise. Every morning he went downtown determined to get it, and every evening the boss brought him home, with Mr. Jarr fretting himself over the money

the boss was losing.

The prospect of the \$5 a week raise was not very bright, but Mr. Jarr had had fifteen dinners and had been taken to the theatre afterwards, at a total cost to the boss of enough to pay for the extra salary Mr. Jarr had asked for.

"Much good that does me or the children!" Mrs. Jarr had whispered that very day. "Why don't he do the thing right and take the whole family out to dinner?"

"Yes, if he'd take us all out to all our meals I wouldn't need the raise," said Mr. Jarr. "But I tell you what you can do; you can sew rubber pockets in my dress suit and I'll distract the boss's attention and fill the pockets with soap and salad and cake parfaits and asparagus, and bring it all home to you and our little ones!"

"Oh, don't talk nonsense!" Mrs. Jarr had retorted. "Don't you let him put you off any more by telling you his troubles. Why, he would never have married Clara Mudridge but for us. Remind him of that!"

"No," Mr. Jarr had answered. "That isn't what a good salesman would call 'a talking point.'"

So here they were, Jarr and his boss, at a high priced restaurant, and Mr. Jarr waiting a chance to ask for a raise.

"What are all these waiters strutting for?" asked the boss. "They must have gone out on strike when we came in. None has come for our order!"

Mr. Jarr felt he'd better wait till the boss was in better humor before he broached the subject of salary.

"I feel like going on a strike myself," began Mr. Jarr gloomily, but the boss called to a bellboy who was passing and asked him to pass a waiter, and so wasn't heading Mr. Jarr's remark.

When the waiter arrived, Mr. Jarr's boss, who thought because he was rich he could get what he wanted to pay for, began to tell the waiter just what he wanted and just how he wanted it.

"First," said Mr. Jarr's boss, "I want trout, genuine trout, the speckled trout! And tell the chef it must be LIVE trout, understand!"

The waiter nodded condescendingly.

"Then I want the trout crumbed with crumbs—not cracker dust—B-U-T-T-E-R. Then I want it rubbed with fresh butter—not salt butter—and grilled over hickory wood coals to a light golden brown. Understand, a light golden brown!"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter.

"Then tell the chef to make a sauce with Madeira, not sherry, and serve with the sauce on the side—not over the trout. Understand that!"

The waiter understood it perfectly. The kitchen was right behind where Mr. Jarr was sitting. Through the thin partition Mr. Jarr heard the waiter bawl to the chef:

"Brolled trout!"

"I don't care what they cost," said Mr. Jarr's boss, not hearing this. "I must have my trout just so! What were you saying?"

There are too many new who before marriage were UNPREPARED for such conditions, but at the happy call of Cupid thought they could bear ANYTHING with the loved one. And these self-same Cupid chimed were attacked at the first wall of woe.

While every young woman who naturally looks to marriage for happiness should not jeopard her chance for happiness in the hope of satisfying mercenary attributes, yet, as things go now, with money to consider, it were better to exist singly without struggle than to struggle doubly to exist.

His Light.

"He's a shining light in your community, isn't he?"

"A shining light? He's a danger signal!"

Pattern 7737 is one size for misses and small women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHIONS BUREAU, Donald Building, 100 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

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Women Who Helped Build America

By Albert Payson Terhune

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ISABELLA—The Queen Who "Backed" the Discovery.

N eleven-year-old Spanish girl—red-haired, blue-eyed, fair of complexion—found herself, in 1482, besieged by a half dozen suitors; at an age when the average girl is still playing with dolls.

The girl was Isabella, the little half-sister of King Henry of Castile. Among the throng of admirers there was only one in whom she was interested. He was Ferdinand, Prince of Arragon. But Ferdinand's older brother, Carlos, a man of forty, was chosen by Henry as her future husband. Carlos was poisoned before the wedding could occur. Then King Alfonso of Portugal sued for Isabella's hand. She refused him. King Henry next ordered her to marry a dissolute courtier, Pedro Giron. Isabella declared she would stab Giron to the heart if she were forced to become his wife. Giron settled the difficulty by dying suddenly, as people in those grim days had a way of doing.

Isabella's nobles made Henry recognize Isabella as heir to the throne and to permit her to choose her own husband. She promptly chose Ferdinand of Arragon, whom she loved. Henry broke his pledge and tried to marry her to the King of Portugal and then to the future Richard III. Ferdinand, who declined both offers, Henry sent soldiers to imprison her until she should become more subservient. She escaped to Valladolid and sent for Ferdinand to come thither and marry her. Ferdinand made the journey in disguise, slipped through a cordon of Henry's troops that had been ordered to head him off, and reached Valladolid safely. There, on Oct. 17, 1469, he and Isabella were married.

The nobles of the Castile court offered to dethrone Henry and give the crown to Isabella. She would not accept the offer. But in 1474 Henry died, and Ferdinand and Isabella became rulers of the newly-joined Spanish kingdom of Arragon and Castile.

In those days women—great queens—were not supposed to meddle overmuch in politics, but to submit obediently to the commands of their royal husbands. Isabella did nothing of the sort. She insisted on having an equal share with Ferdinand in all matters of government. And, even more than he, she built up Spain's greatness. She helped drive the Moors out of the country (even warring armor in battle), and built up education, the arts and national prosperity. It was she who devised and supported the first "camp hospitals" on the battlefields. The Inquisition, which scourged Spain during her rule, was encouraged by her, not through cruelty, but in the belief she was doing God's service.

To the Spaniards, Columbus came a penniless Italian mariner. And there for seven dreary years he sought vainly to interest Ferdinand in a scheme to reach India by sailing westward. The mariner, Christopher Columbus, was laughed at as a dreamer and lunatic for saying the earth was round, and that one could reach the East by sailing west. At last—by a mere whim or a flash of feminine intuition (not through her superior judgment)—Isabella became interested in the wild scheme. She offered to pay for the expedition out of Castile's royal treasury or even to pawn her jewels to fit out the three ships Columbus needed. As a matter of fact she did not pawn her jewels (as is often declared), for there was no need of doing so.

The expedition started from Spain in August, 1492, a mere expedition made possible by the impulsive fancy of a woman. And America was discovered. Columbus had but one idea—and that was a wrong one. He did not know he had discovered America. He never knew it. He died still believing he had landed on the coast of India, and it was he who, for this reason, named the natives "Indians."

When Columbus shipped a cargo of Indians to Spain to be sold there as slaves, Isabella indignantly refused to permit such treatment of the helpless natives and had them sent back to their American homes.

She was Spain's greatest queen; combining common-sense intellect with womanly charm. Before her death in 1504 her genius and energy had helped to make Spain the foremost country on earth. Yet, not to that inspired genius and energy does she owe her world fame. And the kingdom she made great was destined to fall forever from its lofty pinnacle.

It is only because of one kindly impulse (perhaps merely prompted by a woman's love for a noble deed) which she had in her mind that the name of Isabella of Spain has become immortal.

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